GOTHIC

VOL. I NO. 6

BLIMP WORKS

FAR OUT

ADULTS ONLY 35¢

RADICAL CAMPUS FREAKOUT!

SEE PAGE 19

LET'S ALL GO NAKED

NUDE POWER

GIVE NAKED WAR A CHANCE

DÉJÀ VU by BEITCH: p. 11 • NO LOOT FOR YOU, CAPTAIN NAMROOTH by S. CLAY WILSON

R. CRUMB • VAUGHN BODÉ • GAIN • ROGER BRAND

FLAKEY FOONT in DESPERATION

"DESE ARE DESPRIT TIMES!" sayeth Mr. Natural

by R. CRUMB

"TH' TIME HAS COME TO TAKE DESPRIT MEASURES!" — F. FOONT

AND NOW, THE THRILLING SMASH FINISH OF

"THE RACE TO THE MOON"

BY VAUGHN BODE

THE SINGE BUST
THERE'S DUPERS NATHIN TO IT... YOU JUMPS LIKE A JACK-IN-DA-BOX AND YOU'RE IT!!!
GEEK FOR SUR... YOU MUST BE A GREAT WIZARD, SIR! YOU REALLY KNOWS YOUR STUFF!
YEAH, WELL, LAST TIME I TRIED CONJURIN' UP A SPACE SHIP I GOT AN ALLIGATOR TRUNK! I'M NOT SURE WHAT DA HOOKS FROM DAT SHALL WE...
COOL
LAKES! DA THE DESTINATION! I GOTTA PLOT DA COURSE!
DA, SUR!
NOW DON'T START DAT! I'M JUST DA ONE AN ENGINEER, WHEN YOU GET TO DA MOON FIGHT DA AMERICAN FLAG DEM BEAT IT BACK HERE. GOT IT?
WELL, YES, SUR, BUT...
CONGRI'N, WE GOTTA GET DA SHIP ON DA ROAD!! DA RUSSIANS WILL BE BLASTIN OFF ANY MINUTE NOW FOR DA MOON! DONTCHA TINK A FEW DAYS OF SOUSSELL AND SOME PEANUT BUTTER AN' JELLY WILL BE DA ONLY REWARD FOR DA GOOD CONTAINMENT!
AT THE SOVIET LAUNCH SITE:
COMMUNISTINGS IS YOU READY DEA YOUSE SUPREME ASCENT IN DA NAME OF DA PEOPLES PARTY?!
DA, AUSTEROUS LEADER, I'M READY TO BE RED... MAKIN' RIGHT TO DA MOON!
DEM CAPITALISTS TWO MAS DA PARTS FOR DEIR ANTIQUE YOUSE ROCKETS!
DA, DA!
KACHUNK
DA!
BOOOOM
AT THE USA LAUNCH SITE:
GEE GEE GALLEY
USA
GRINDER-ICE AND BRAAAAA!
NOW THERE GOES A GOOD DATTA, DO ANYTHING GOT TO BE DONE TO MAKE A HOTTY TODDY
WELL, NO SENSE IN MY STANDIN' ABOUN. NATHIN' I CAN DO NOW DAT PETER IS ON HIMS MERRY WAY TO DA MOON. GUESS I'LL GO DOWN TO NAUGHAND AND GET A PINT OR TWO...
IN THE USA SPACE SHIP
DAT'S DAT, OS DAT'S DAT
LET ME SEE, HERE, MAYBE DAT'S DA ANSWER. AN ERROR, SO TO SPEAK, TRIAL OR DAT
YOWW! I THINK I BROKE MY ARM!
BRAAAAAAAAA
ABOUN THE SOVIET SHIP
DAT'S DAT, OS IS MAYBE DAT DEAD AIR DAT'S DAT FIRST STAGE SEPARATION...
DEMONSTRATION WAS DAT OF DAT
TWO MINUTES LATER...
GORGEOUS COSMOS! I'M ENJOYING DA SEPARATION WITHOUT DAMAGES! THERE IS DA ARC DEM TOLD US DA GUY WITH DA CAMERA RED
AT THE SOVIET BASE...
HEY, DAT'S FUNNY. A JUNKY LOOKIN' SPACE SHIP JUST FLEW PAST MY WINDOW...
WHAT?
COSMONAUT MARK, WHAT DID YOU JUST REPORT!!
DA, SUR! I'M JUST DA PIE OF JUNK DAT LOOKS LIKE A SPACE SHIP JUST WENT BY MY WINDOW...
DAT'S CRAZY WIZARD! NOW SHIP, YOU TOO! SEALANT! I GROUND YOU TO MOON OR DA GAS AN' SUBMISS DAT INTO MAR MAMMAL!
DA, I'LL DO AS DA DIRECT, SIR! GREETS, SIR, GREETS, NOBLE SOVIET MAN!
YES, HURRY UP! DAT WHO IS? WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY!!
MY QUESTION, DEAR COMRADE LEADER IS: IF I POUR ON DA GAS, SO TO SPEAK, HOW I GONNA GET BACK?.....
YEAH, I'M READY! BUT DO YOU HAVE ANY GOT TO DA MOON FIRST?
YEA, I'LL DO DAT! DAT'S DA ONLY DAT I'M GOT! DA, FIRST WHO GONNA DO ON DA MOON!...
DAT'S TREASON! TALK, RABBIT! CONVICTS YOUSEE LIKES PRAYING AGAIN!!!
BESS, DAT'S DAT! WOW, WHAT AN YOWWN BASS. ONLY I WOULD LIKE A BRONZE BUNNY OF ME TO BE ERECTED...
DA, DA, AND I'LL DEMAND DAT SUPREME NOW GET CONK FIRE YOUSE MORONS!
NAWA, I ISH CATCHIN' UP TO DA AMERICAN SPACE, HEAP... I SOON BE FAR AHEAD... DAT IS... IF MY FUEL HOLDS OUT. BUT, I HOPING IT WILL.
FIRST AT THE TWO SHIPS ARE PARALLEL IN SPEED AND TRAJECTORY.
BUTZ, I'M FOULED! MY FUEL GAUGE AIN'T WORKIN' AND I'M OUT OF GAS! DAT'S DA PARTY I CHANCE TO GIVE DA FIRST DANCE ON DA MOON!!
HOWEVER, I DO GOTS ONE IDEA HOW I CAN SAVE DA DAY... I CAN SAVE DA DAY, BUT I'M GONNA LOSE THAT SPACE RACE TO A PILE OF JUNK... I GONNA OPEN UP AN' HATCH AN SHOOT DAT STUPIDO YANKEE PUDT FULL OF LEAD... I'M SO CLEVER...
HERE... A PERFECT SHIP... LIKE, WOW! DO YOU SAY: SMOTH PICKLES IN A DUCK BARREL...
PAK PAK PAK!
OHFFS, I FORGOT REDUT DA DUNG! I AM OS REDUT, OS DRACK. WON'T DA REAL TROUBLE BEGIN!!!
GASS WENT ON EARTH ISH DAT GONNA DONOT OWN SECRETARY ALBERT. DA, SO SAYS SHE! SHE START WRITIN' AROUN LIKE MAD... IT SURE HARD TO FIGURE OUR REDS OUT!
THE SHIPS BUT ON TWISTED A DESTINY ARIAN SIDE OF THEM SPINNING LIKE A CHEESEFUDGE...
BEGINNING LATER, THE SOVIET ERECT GIANT SPIRES AND PROPHESIES GRANDIOSE GOODIES BEHIND BEFORE THE GREAT BATTLE...
ABOUT THREE DAYS LATER THE USA SHIP AND RUSSIAN SHIP (WHICH IS STILL SPINNING) APPROACH THE MOON FROM AN HIGH...
THE AMERICAN MOON CAPSULE LANDS SMOOTHLY UNDER THE SKILLED GUIDANCE OF CERTAIN WIZARD'S APPRENTICE, PETER...
ROMPER!
KLUNK!
PETER, THE AMERICAN PILOT, EMERGES FROM HIS SPACE VEHICLE AND BECOMES THE FIRST EARTHLING TO TROMP UPON THE MOON!!!
I WILLED SHANTS DA FLAG ON DA UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, SO THAT ERES MAY SEE WAVE...
THE RUSSIAN PILOT GRAWS OUT OF HIS SHIP'S WRINKLAKE.
HEY, MARK! DA AMERICAN SIDE WON DA RACE!
I DIDNT WORRY! YOU DON'T HAVE GAS IN IT!!...
DA MOON IS BORED... RACE PLACE!
I DOESN'T BARE WHAT DA MOON WANTS... I WANT THIS UP BEFORE HERE CAUSE I USED UP ALL MY FUEL AN' GONNA BE STUCK HERE! I'M CARRIED AWAY GOIN' IN A VACUUM!!
LOOK, COMRADE, I DOESN'T HATE YOUSE GUYS TOO MUCH... WHY DON'T YOU RIDES BACK WITH ME? I DON'T HAVE LOADS OF ROOM, BUT YOU COULD SIT ON JOE LAD!
WELL, DAT'S CERTAINLY A NOBLE GESTURE, COMING FROM A IMPERIALIST WAR MONGER. BUT I GONNA STAY... I DONOT'N RACE DA MOON! DAT'S AFTER ALL, NO ONE'S DAMN BUSINESS, THANKS THOSE
I TELL YOU WHAT, BILL WE FLIES BACK TOGETHER AN' WE TELL DEA WE BOTH PLANTED OUR FLAGS AT THA SPACE SANK INSTEAD!... OKAY?
YOU KNOW, TO TELL THE TRUTH, I'M OKAY WITH DAT!
THE END

SUBSCRIBE!

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EDITOR: KIM DEITCH

Mr. Toad's COUNTRY COUSINS or THE NAKED & THE TOAD

FLASHLIGHT GORDON

BY- ROGER BRAND

WE SINGS AND LEGS OF ARMS

WELL, FLASHLIGHT... SOMEHOW WE'VE WOUND UP IN THIS WEIRD CAVERN!

YES, ZARKONSYRUP! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUR WAY OUT OF HERE... SO WE CAN CONTINUE OUR SEARCH!

FLASHLIGHT, DR. ZARKONSYRUP, AND DALE TAIL HAVE CRASHED ON MUNGO, ACCOMPANIED BY THEIR FRIEND STRAWBRICK, WHO IS ALONG FOR THE RIDE...

BUT FLASHLIGHT ...WHAT IS IT WE'RE SEARCHING FOR?

WELL, DALE ...WE'RE TRYING TO FIND THE LAND OF THE GIANT-MEN!

BUT WHY, FLASH-LIGHT?

WHY, IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY! EH, ZARKONSYRUP?

YEP!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ALL THIS, STRAW-BRICK?...YOUR FIRST TRIP AND ALL...

HE'S GONE!

WHERE'D HE GO?

HUH! I'M SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS...MUST HAVE TAKEN A WRONG TURN...

WELL... LET'S SEE WHAT I CAN FIND...

LATER...

WHEW! BEEN LOOKING A LONG TIME... HEY! LIGHT AHEAD!

HMM! I'M TOO TIRED TO TRY HACKING THROUGH THAT UNDERBRUSH...SURE SMELLS GOOD IN HERE.

NOW'S MY TIME TO JUST CURL UP AND CATCH SOME Z's! I'LL CUT MY WAY OUT WHEN I WAKE UP.

POOR STRAW-BRICK! I WONDER WHERE HE WENT?

WELL, IT'S TOO BAD, BUT WE CAN'T WASTE TIME LOOKING FOR THAT NINNAM! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUR WAY OUT! LET'S TRY THAT PASSAGE...

PEW! IT SMELLS FOUL IN HERE!

LOOK! LIGHT AHEAD!

AT LAST! WE'LL SOON BE OUT OF THIS LABYRINTH!

MORE

zzzzzzzzzz...
THAT STUPID STRAWBERRY CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT!
THEW
Roger Brand ©'69

GHASTLY HORROR COMIX

I - I THINK I'M GOIN' TO BE SICK!

ZARKLEY NITCHWITT FELT SATISFIED INDEED AS HE STRETCHED OUT IN HIS SUMPTUOUS BED, READY TO READ HIMSELF TO SLEEP... ZARKLEY NITCHWITT WAS A MURDERER...

IT WAS NOW A YEAR SINCE HIS FORMER PARTNER, THORNTON TARR, HAD BEEN INTERRED IN HIS PLOT IN 'HILLTOP GARDENS', FOLLOWING THE DISCOVERY OF HIS DROWNED AND BLOATED CORPSE...

...HE SMILED AS HE REMEMBERED THORNTON'S THRASHING, KICKING STRUGGLES AS ZARKLEY SHOVED HIS HEAD DEEP INTO THE TOILET... HE COULD NOT HEAR THE WHISPERINGS AND STIRRINGS IN THE CEMETERY ABOVE THE TOWN...

HOW EASY IT HAD BEEN TO THROW THORNTON'S ALREADY DEAD BODY INTO THE CESS-POOL... ZARKLEY COULD NOT HEAR THE FAINTLY MUTTERED OATHS AND CURSES... THE SCRATCHING SOUNDS...

...HE COULD NOT SEE THE ROTTED, FETID, CLAW-LIKE, SKELETAL HANDS BREAK THE MOULDY CRUST AND GROPE AT THE BRISK, AUTUMN AIR...

...HOW COULD HE KNOW THAT THORNTON TARR HAD RETURNED WITH VENEGEANCE IN THE DECAYING, DRIPPING THING THAT WAS ONCE HIS HEART...

...IT WAS FREE NOW... FREE FROM THE EARTHEN PRISON WHICH HAD HELD IT FOR SO LONG... BITS OF PUTRESCENT, LIQUEFIED FLESH OOZED AND DRIPPED FROM ITS SWAYING, TEETERING FORM...

IT MOVED OUT OF ITS PLOT, LEAVING A WINDING TRAIL OF CLODS OF SLIMY, WORM-RIDDEN MUD AND POOLS OF FOUL, REEKING, ROTTING MUSCLE AND TISSUE AS IT MADE ITS WAY THROUGH THE LEANING, TILTING TOMBSTONES...

...THROUGH THE WROUGHT-IRON GATES AND INTO THE TINY, TWISTING, NARROW STREETS OF THE VILLAGE...

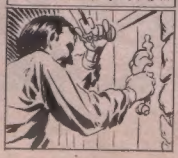
...IT KNEW WHERE IT WAS GOING... TOTTERED DRUNKENLY TO ITS DESTINATION... LEAVING A PUTRID WAKE OF FEETOR FROM THE LOOSENED, SCALY FLESH...

...IT FOUND ITS WAY TO ZARKLEY'S HOUSE... STOOD STARING AT THE LIGHTED WINDOW... THEN STAGGERING UP THE PORCH STEPS... THE FATEFUL MOMENT WAS AT HAND — THORNTON HAD WAITED A LONG TIME FOR REVENGE... AND HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS TO DO...

...IT BEGAN TO HAMMER ON THE BROAD, OAKEN DOOR WITH ROTTING, BLISTERED FISTS, THE FINGERNAILS AND KNUCKLES FALLING AWAY MORE AND MORE WITH EACH RESOUNDING BLOW...

THE THUNDEROUS SLAMS VIBRATED THE WALLS OF THE OLD HOUSE, SENDING ZARKLEY NITCHWITT INTO A FIT OF COLD HORROR. HE KNEW, OR RATHER SENSED THE PRESENCE OF IMPENDING TERROR...

HE GRABBED A PISTOL FROM A DRAWER AND REACHED FOR THE DOOR, THROWING IT OPEN WIDE TO FIND...



SUCH A MESS! THAT'S THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH THIS 'CREEPING DEAD' VENEGEANCE BIT — SOMETIMES YOU MIGHT WAIT A BIT... TOO... LONG...

THE SLAVE MERCHANTS OF QUANGDREX-3

STARRING

MARA MISTRESS OF THE VOID

AND HER COMPANION "ZOZE"

BETTER CUT OUR VITA-LAMP TREATMENT SHORT

THAT SOUNDS LIKE US

ATTENTION ATTENTION AGENTS Z AND F REPORT TO CENTRAL OFFICE IMMEDEATLY

GIRLS, THERE HAVE BEEN REPORTS OF SLAVE MERCHANTS OPERATING IN THE VICINITY OF QUANGDREX I WANT YOU TO INVESTIGATE

HOLY QUASAR THE CHEIF SURE SEEMS WORRIED

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT, OUR SHIPS READY FOR BLAST OFF

THIS IS THE AREA OF QUANGDREX-3 LETS CHECK OUT THE SECOND QUADRANT

SUDENLY

WERE BEING DRAWN INTO SOME KIND OF MAGNETIC FIELD

ZILCHTRON

GOLLY SOSY WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT

WHY WE'RE ON SOME KIND OF SPACE PLATFORM

DON'T WORRY LADIES WE WILL CAUSE YOU NO HARM, WE MERELY WISH TO...

OOOH! YOU FILTHY BEAST

GROPE YOU

SWINE TAKE THAT!

YOU'LL REGRET THIS BORGO SEIZE THEM

TEE-HEE

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, I AM BORGO

SURNAMED THE SLOB YES BORGO THE SLOB!

NOW FOR MY EROTERIES

OOOH THATS STICKY

WHY YOU FILTHY MAN

SHLUP SHLUP

NO PLEASE! NOT IN THERE OOH AHHHHH! UNH UNH!

Comming SOON!

OTIS LEROY & his soul stooges

....THE WHOLE CUNTREE'S GONE CHICKEN CRAZY.

WAP WAP WAP UH

MARTY, THIS ONE'S FOR YOU.

STAY ON TOP OF WHAT'S HAPNIN BEFORE IT HAPPENS BAYBEE!

BE COOL,

YES FANS THAT WAS THREE ALBUM CUTS, ALL BY GROUPS WITH ONE OR MORE MEMBERS WHO WAS FORMERLY IN A GROUP CONTAINING A GUITARIST THAT USED TO PLAY WITH THE YARDBIRDS OR JOHN MAYALL..... NOW FOR YOUR STEREO LISTENING A TAPE OF THE LATE, GREAT LEROY OTIS.

BE NEAT,

A PRODUCT OF YESTERDAY'S BREAKFAST INC.

WILE-E

BE REET,

PAH-TEET.

YESTERDAY'S BREAKFAST INC.

THE BURN OF THE WEEK.

BLIND FAITH* IS NOT ENUFF

*ATCO SD 33-309

BUT IS ONE TOUR ENUF?

THE PHANTOM & BATMAN & B.C.

Dylan's Gospel

ODE ZIZ 4400-18

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY LOU ADLER

THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Wotta!

LOOKED OUT MY WINDOW AND WHAT DID I SEE? SAW A GOLDEN CALF POINTING BACK AT ME. S.K.R.

PICTURE BY DAVID WALLERSTEIN

©MAD PECK STUDIOS

Sooper Tunes

CBS VANGUARD

CLANG TEN, PEG, TWENTY-SEVEN, THIRTY-TWO!!!

CHICKEN NOODLE!

SOMEBODY COME IN MY SOUP...

CAPTAIN SUPER SOUP

AUTO PILOTAGE

SYMPHONY

UNDER A GLASS SEA

STRIKE THE WAVERS

THE TIME HAS COME

THE EIGHT MINUTE MARATHON

PUNCH IN THE SOUP

TAKE 10 YEARS OFF YER LIFE FOR LESS THAN 1¢ A MILE!

SEND 35¢ TODAY FOR ALL THE DETAILS. NO PESTY SALESMAN WILL CALL; INSTEAD YOU WILL GET A FULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOG OF GOODIES. SEND THAT QUARTER TODAY TO: THE MAD PECK INK BOX 2307, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND 02906

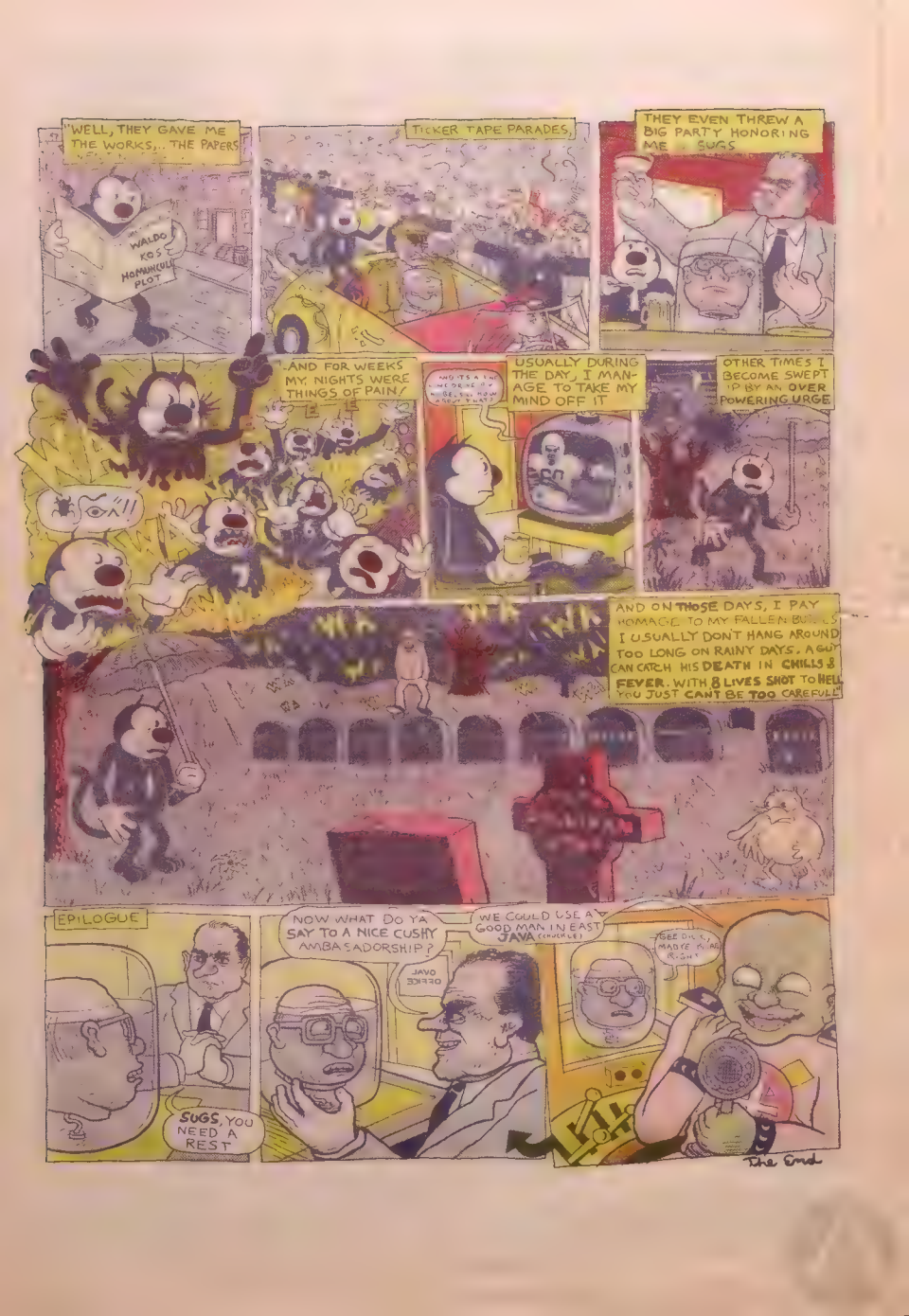
GHOST MOTHER COMICS 35¢ 35¢

THE MAD PECK Box 2307, Prov. R.I. 02906

TIME LAPSE

SOMEWHERE TIME DOWN IN COOK TOWN. THESE PEOPLE LIVE LIKE SHIT BUT THEY GOT SOME FINE FUKUN CARS!

IN THE HOMONCULI DEATH CHAMBER, PEARLWOOD SUGS, NOW NOTHING MORE THAN A LIVING JACK O LANTERN, COILS IN TERROR
GASP!
AND RIGHT OUTSIDE MILO, CLEVERLY DISGUISED AS SUGS, GLOATS AT THE GORY SPECTACLE
HAW HAW HAW
BUT WAIT, WHAT'S THIS?
GROOAN! OOH MY HEAD
WHAT'S GOIN ON HERE?
GOOD LORD!!
FELIX! OH GOD, IT ALL COMES BACK!
QUICKLY! DO AS I SAY! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME
(COUGH) (COUGH) OPEN (COUGH) MY PACK, AND GIVE ME WHAT'S INSIDE (COUGH) (COUGH) GAS!
MINUTE LATER
ALL RIGHT GRAB UP SUGS, AND GET OUT OF HERE QUICK!
B-BUT
CAN THEM TEARS LAD, AND GET A MOVE ON!
AS I SAY!
BOOM!
WATCH OUT DOLT, BEFORE YOU DROP ME!
THUS ALL THAT REMAINS OF MILO'S SYNTHETIC EMPIRE, IS A LIFELESS PILE OF CHARRED RUBBLE
WELL, ALMOST ALL
HEH HEH
SO... THEY THINK THEY'VE OUTSMARTED ME! (HEH HEH HEH) WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!


WELL, THEY GAVE ME THE WORKS,.. THE PAPERS
WALDO KOS HOMUNCULI PLOT
TICKER TAPE PARADES,
THEY EVEN THREW A BIG PARTY HONORING ME - SUGS
AND FOR WEEKS MY NIGHTS WERE THINGS OF PAIN/
USUALLY DURING THE DAY, I MANAGE TO TAKE MY MIND OFF IT
OTHER TIMES I BECOME SWEPT UP BY AN OVER POWERING URGE
AND ON THOSE DAYS, I PAY HOMAGE TO MY FALLEN BUDDIES I USUALLY DON'T HANG AROUND TOO LONG ON RAINY DAYS. A GUY CAN CATCH HIS DEATH IN CHILLS & FEVER. WITH 8 LIVES SHOT TO HELL YOU JUST CAN'T BE TOO CAREFULL
EPILOGUE
SUGS, YOU NEED A REST
NOW WHAT DO YA SAY TO A NICE CUSHY AMBASADORSHIP?
WE COULD USE A GOOD MAN IN EAST JAVA (CHUCKLE)
JAVO DERRO
SEE DIS I MADE IT RIGHT
The End

TRICK
'n'
TREAT

HA! WOTTA BAG O' GOODIES!
YEAH! LET'S SEE WOT WE GET AT THE NEXT PLACE!

OPEN THE GODDAMN DOOR!
OPEN UP SON OF A BITCH!
SMASH!

WOT THE HELL YER WANT? HAH?
I' KNOW WHAT WE WANT SISTER
WOW! WOTTA DOLL!

GIVE US DUH FREE EATS!
YAH!

SOCKDICK, FAGGOTS! YOUSE MADDAS TOO STOOPED T' GIVE YA FOOD?

SLAM

KNOCK! KNOCK!

YOU GUYS AGIN? WOT DA HELL—

MOVE ASIDE KID!
HEY!

NOW SEE HERE!
HEY!
NOW CUT THAT OUT! HAY IS FOR HORSES!

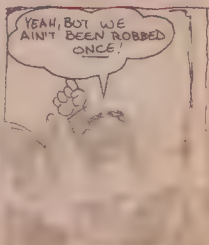
ACK!
FEAR OF HEIGHTS!

AHHHHHHHH

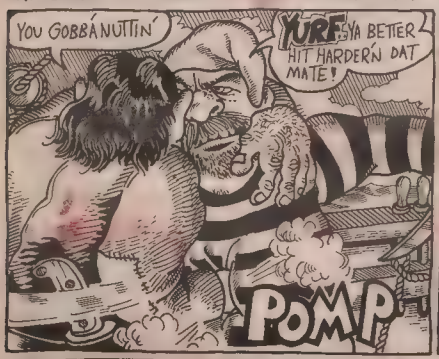
GEE! LEMMEE HAVE A TURN!
SURE!

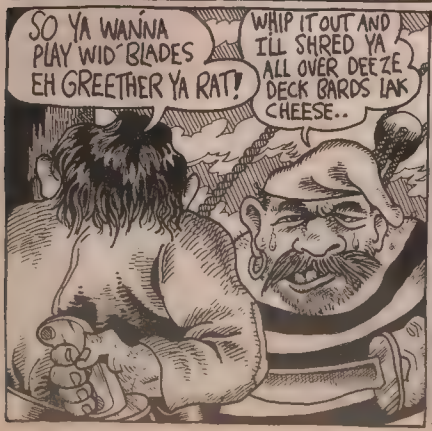
LATER
WOW! I SURE CAN'T WAIT FOR NEXT HALLOWEEN!
YA
END!

THE POOR KIDS

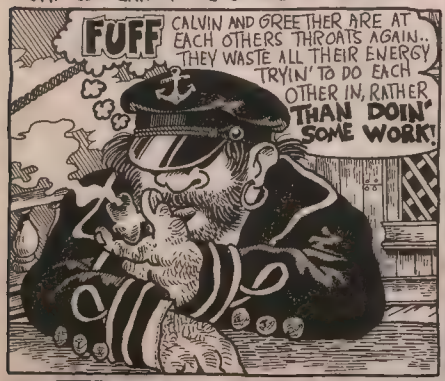

YEAH, BUT WE AIN'T BEEN ROBBED ONCE!

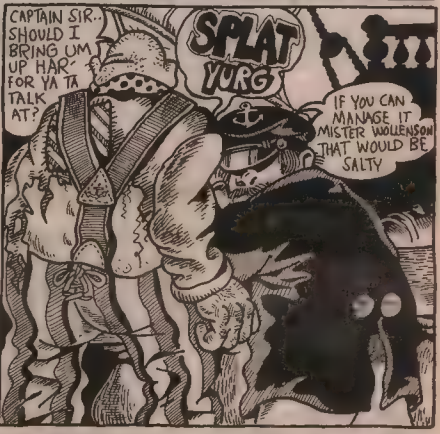
ABOARD THE PIRATE VESSEL, "THE FOAMING CRANK," A FEW OF THE MATES, CALVIN BLOODROOT AND GREETHER SPOTSWOOD CAME TO BLOWS..





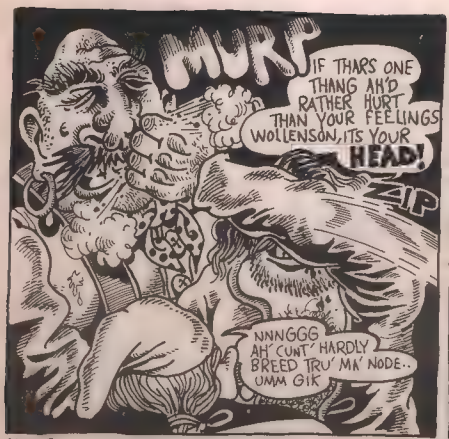
THE CAPTAIN WATCHED THE TWO BRAWLING MATES WITH CONCERN AS HE SUCKED ON HIS PIPE....





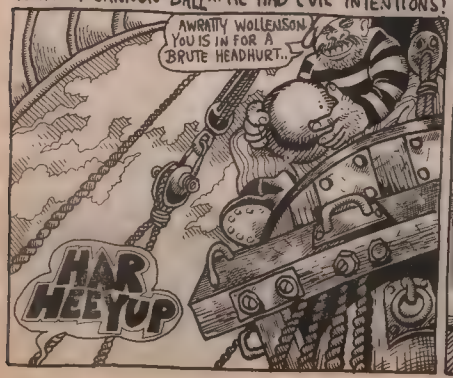
CALVIN AND GREETHER WERE NOW TRYING TO CONK EACH OTHER COLD WITH BELAYIN' PINS..THEIR DIRKS HAD BOTH BROKE AND THE ENDURANCE OF THESE TWO MATES VERGED ON THE UNREAL.

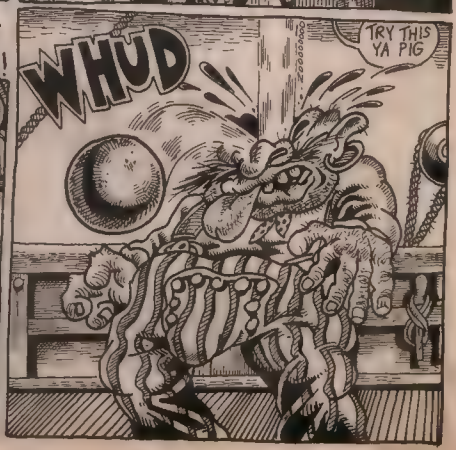
INTO THIS MELEE CAME MISTER WOLLENSON..



MISTER WOLLENSON WAS NOW PISSED. HE PICKED CALVIN BLOODROOT UP BY HIS HEAD AND FLUNG HIM REALLY HARD AGAINST A MAST...

WHILE THIS POINTLESS VIOLENCE WAS GOING ON.. GREETHER HAD CLIMBED UP TO THE MIZZENTOP WITH A CANNON BALL... HE HAD EVIL INTENTIONS!





THE CAPTAIN STROLLED OVER TO WOLLENSON'S REMAINS..

AYE.. A GOOD MAN HE ONCE WAS, HE BE A MESS NOW.. THIS CALLS FOR SOME SORT OF ACTION AGIN' THAT GREETHER SWAB

SOME DISTANCE AWAY, ABOARD "THE SHREDDED QUIM", CAPTAIN NAMROOTH AND HIS PIRATE CREW, BITCHED AND MUTTERED AT ONE ANOTHER, LUSTING FOR LOOT...

I WANT UNTOLD AMOUNTS OF RUM

SOME BUCKETS OF JEWELS, SEA CHESTS OF GOLD DOUBLOONS AND ROPES OF PEARLS WOULD EASE ME GREED A MITE..

I BEAN AT SEA TOO LONG - I GARTER GIT ME SEFF SCREWED BY A DOVER TART

OLD GROG

THEN SOMEBODY SAID SOMETHING THAT DIDN'T MAKE SENSE!

SO I WENT OVER TO THE MOSS COVERED STONE BUT IT HAD GATHERED AND DIED.. HUFF

YOU'RE STUPID!

BA DA YANG BA DA YANG

BOP

YOU MATES ARE GETTIN' CABIN FEVER. WE NEED A GOOD SCRAP WITH A FAT MERCHANT SHIP TO BOIL THE VINEGAR OUTTA' AR' SYSTEMS...

SUDDENLY, THE TIME WARP SNAPPED INTO EFFECT, A SPEED FREAK WITH A TOMMY GUN BROKE IN...

EAT HOT LEAD YA SWINE

BRAKKA KKA KKA KKA

BACK ON THE "FOAMING CRANK," MARLENE THE DYKE PINS THE CAPTAIN TO THE DECK AS GREETHER SWAYS IN THE BREEZE.

AHM' GONNA EAT YOUR BLACK HEART

GARRGGKKKK

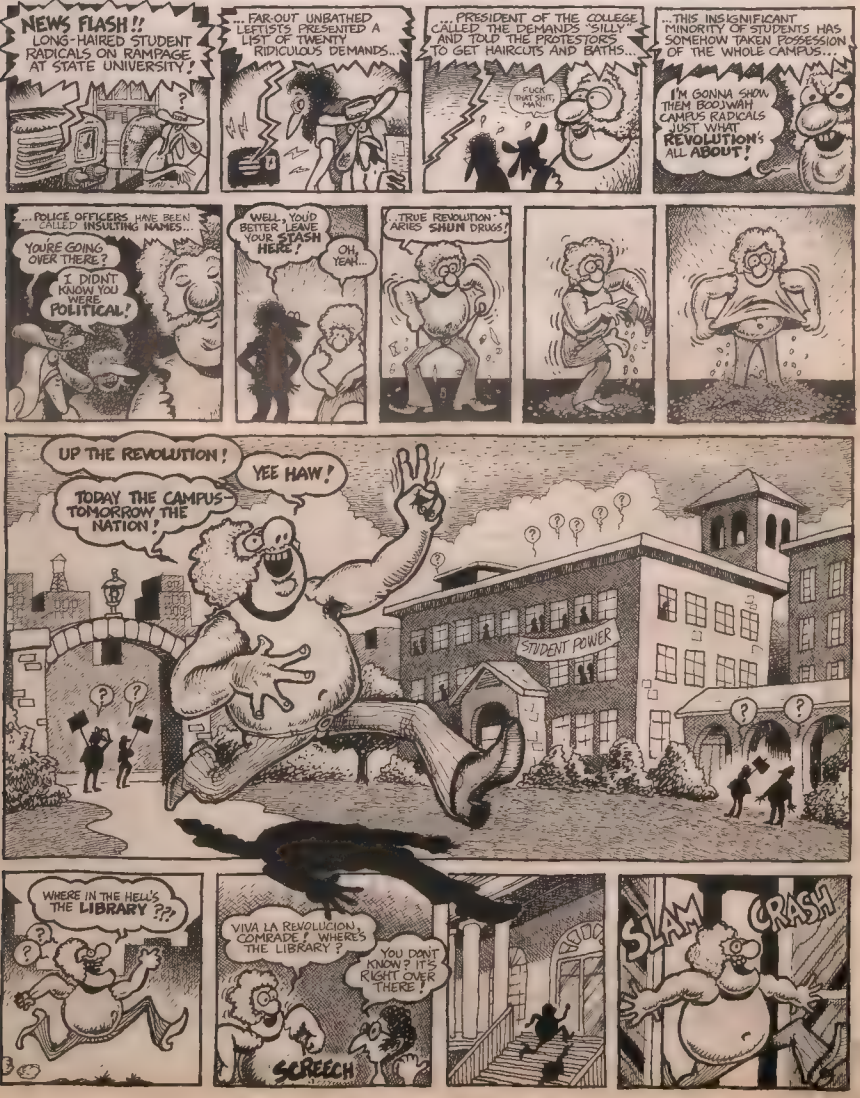
AND ELSEWHERE DOCTOR HATTERSCAM STUDIES THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN A CAGED DEMON AND A YOUNG GIRL

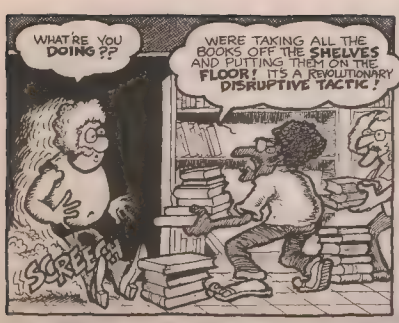
MY DEMON

VERY INTERESTING

SHLUP LURP

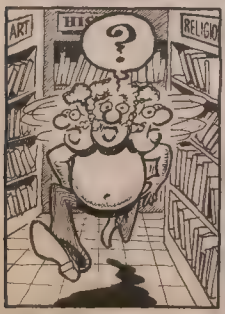
THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS go to COLLEGE!

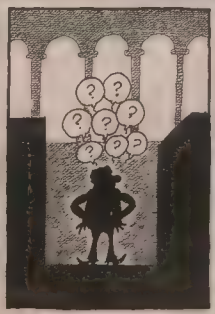



WHAT'RE YOU DOING ??
WERE TAKING ALL THE BOOKS OFF THE SHELVES AND PUTTING THEM ON THE FLOOR! IT'S A REVOLUTIONARY DISRUPTIVE TACTIC!
SCREE

I'LL HELP YOU!

POETRY
MUSIC


ART
RELIGIO
?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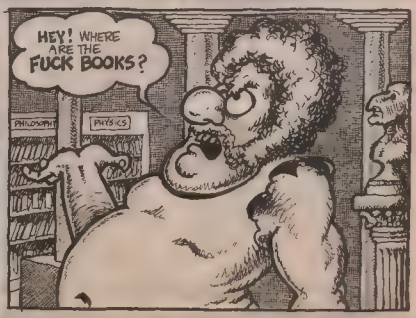
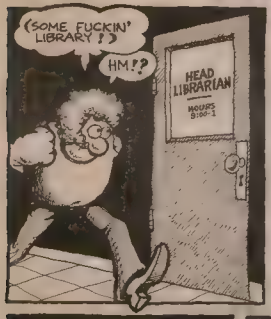
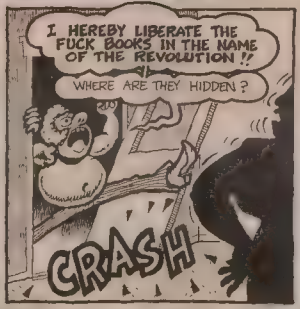
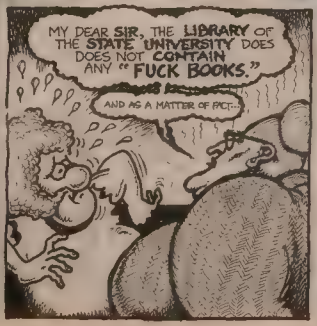

HEY! WHERE ARE THE FUCK BOOKS?
PHILOSOPHY
PHYSICS

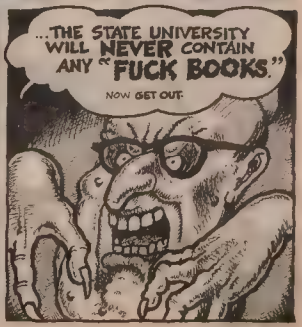

(SOME FUCKIN' LIBRARY!)
HM!?
HEAD LIBRARIAN
HOURS 8:00-1


I HEREBY LIBERATE THE FUCK BOOKS IN THE NAME OF THE REVOLUTION!!
WHERE ARE THEY HIDDEN?
CRASH

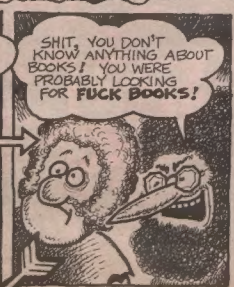
WHAT DID YOU SAY, YOUNG MAN?

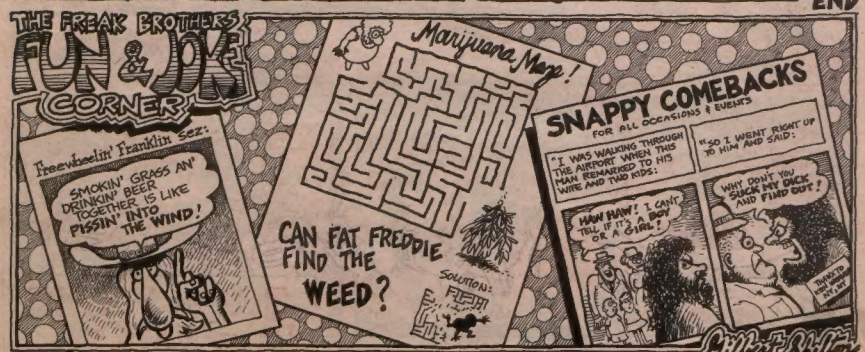
ER... WHERE ARE THE FUCK BOOKS HIDDEN, MA'M ?!?!


MY DEAR SIR, THE LIBRARY OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY DOES DOES NOT CONTAIN ANY "FUCK BOOKS."
AND AS A MATTER OF FACT--


...THE STATE UNIVERSITY WILL NEVER CONTAIN ANY "FUCK BOOKS."
NOW GET OUT.

AND TAKE YOUR COMMUNIST PERVERT FRIENDS WITH YOU!
?!
?!
WOW! I WONDER WHAT THAT GUY SAW IN THERE ?!
MAYBE THE PIGS ARE COMING!
DID YOU HEAR THAT ? THE COPS ARE HERE!
?!
?!
?!
I'LL BET THEY HAVE THEIR SHOTGUNS AND TEAR GAS!
THE POLICE AND THE NATIONAL GUARD ARE STORMING THE CAMPUS!
...WITH TANKS AND NERVE GAS!
THEY'RE SHOOTING PEOPLE UP AGAINST WALLS!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!
PIGS OFF CAMPUS
SLAM
FLOP
?
?





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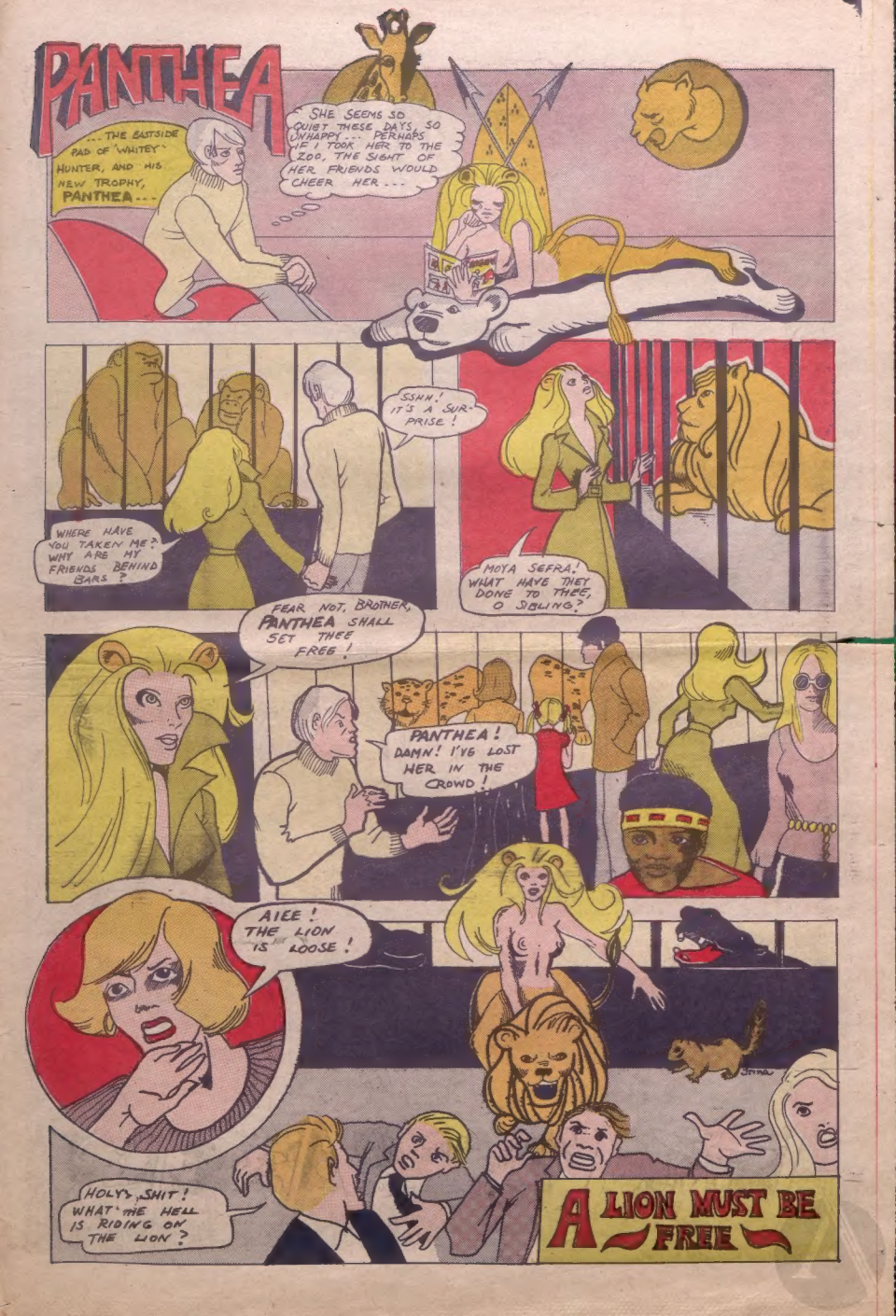
PANTHEA
... THE EASTSIDE PAD OF "WHITEY" HUNTER, AND HIS NEW TROPHY, PANTHEA ...
SHE SEEMS SO QUIET THESE DAYS, SO UNHAPPY ... PERHAPS IF I TOOK HER TO THE ZOO, THE SIGHT OF HER FRIENDS WOULD CHEER HER ...
SSHH! IT'S A SURPRISE!
WHERE HAVE YOU TAKEN ME? WHY ARE MY FRIENDS BEHIND BARS?
MOYA SEFRA! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO THEE, O SIBLING?
FEAR NOT, BROTHER, PANTHEA SHALL SET THEE FREE!
PANTHEA! DAMN! I'VE LOST HER IN THE CROWD!
AIEE! THE LION IS LOOSE!
HOLY SHIT! WHAT THE HELL IS RIDING ON THE LION?
A LION MUST BE FREE

THE FANTASTIC
SANCHO OF THE PAMPAS
GAUCHO COMIX
SANCHO'S FANCY!
IS HE?
DANCING? FANCY!
YES!
SANCHO'S DANDY!
FANCY!
YES, HE DANCES TOO!
like a pizza pie!
BAHNONAH! PALOMA!
THATZAMORAY!
Look! A Stranger in the Range Land!
that ees no stranger! ee! ees Wiley Wealy Lord Bombaba, the monte videviar burrito!
Oh we're Looming Peaks loominoverver vister.
OMLOOMINOVERLAMAS!
we are crossing the pampas! ee! ees BAM! beedle-ee BAM! beedle-ee BAM! Chinoca!! beedle-ee
I AM THE ANSWER!
shredded wheat
what?
INCA-DINKA-
BOTTLE OF INK!
SANCHO OF FLANDERS?
NO! THE ANDES!
That vancher ees the ANSWER!
REALLY HE EES SANCHO, THE HERO!
Chocoa! Chocoa! Chocoa!
RIGGIN'
hey!
CHANCE IT SANCHO!
OLA OLA PALOMA
SANCHO IS ROMANTIC!
SO WHAT!

RIPPED BY

Helga Phugly

WITH A POLAROID CAMERA